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DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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TRACES OF SANTA CLAUS.

SOME OF SANTA'S DOINGS.

Santa Claus was in a very good humor on a certain Christmas eve that I remember well. Business had gone well with him during the year and he had ceased to grumble about the depression in trade. His business had flourished—by the way what is Santa Claus's real business? I have heard some say that he is a toy merchant, and that that is the reason he gives away so many toys. There are others who say he is a butcher—such work for Santa Claus—and more believe he is a baker and sweetmeat maker. But how he can be a sweetmeat maker and not butcher, is hard to say, for do not butchers also sell sweet meat. Well, there are some who believe he is a tinsmith, and some a postman and some a printer—that is how he gets such nice books, you know; and some a clerk in a store—what an awfully funny looking clerk he would be. Perhaps he is all of these—who knows.

Well, this Christmas eve, as I have said, he was in a remarkably good humor. He rubbed his hands, and whistled to himself, and then said to his wife—Why! did you not know that Santa has a wife? To be sure he must. Do you think any old bachelor would think so much of little girls and boys as to give them so many nice things.

But, as I was about saying, he said to his wife—what a good old woman she is, too! There she sits in the corner by the fire-place knitting a nice pair of stockings, just the thing for little boys, or girls either, to wear out in the snow. I wonder who will wear that pair! Well, once more, he said to his wife: "I think I must give the boys and girls—the good boys and girls, you know, my dear—I must give the boys and girls nicer presents than usual this year. But there mus'n't be more of them, for I am getting older every year [I wonder if old Santa Claus ever will die], and I feel the rheumatism a little more than ever before and cannot carry a heavier load, but will try and bring them better things instead. Business has been very good with me, you know, and I will try and remember all the poor children who never receive a gift at Christmas, and never looked forward with joy to the greatest anniversary of all the anniversaries of earth." Mrs. Santa Claus, good lady, agreed with him and then they made out their lists. There were toys for Tommy and shoes for Willie, and skates for Alfie and a rattle for baby boy, and dolls for Nellie and Fanny, and a picture book for Jennie, and candies for them all—he ought to be scolded for giving candies, dear old fellow that he is—and there were ever so many other things. But I must not forget that he had a nice turkey for widow X—— and her three orphan children, and a warm coat for the eldest boy, who is just about going out to work, and a good strong pair of boots for each of the girls, and a warm shawl for the widow herself. But I could go on telling what he had to give for the whole year before I get to my story.

There was one house in particular where he was waited for with no patience. I have said one in particular, just as if every house were not the same. Well, there was one house where he was waited for very impatiently. Here lived two little girls, of five and seven years of age. Their papa had been away for several years and they were expecting him home on Christmas morning. Their mamma was so excited she hardly knew what to do. But, at last, she got the little ones to bed, in their own little room with the picture of pussy cat on the wall. But she could not sleep herself; she read her Bible and walked up and down the floor, and now and then looked into the little girls' room to see if they were asleep. It took the little ones a long time to go to sleep. They had so much to think about. There was Santa and the presents he was to bring and, above all, papa. "God bless papa and bring him safely home," were the last words on the lips of each of the little ones as the sleep filled their eyes, and they passed away into the land of Nod. When they were asleep Santa entered the room. I wonder how he knew so well what the little girls wanted most. He left a great beautiful doll for Ella, and, above all things, what she wanted, a real organ grinder for Mary; all she had to do was to turn the handle and the music came out—and such music too. But he left many other things, and, kissing the little ones, left the room. But what was this that fell on Mary's cheek as Santa kissed her and her big eyes opened wide—was it a tear? At any rate she dreamed she saw Santa and he was not an old man at all, but quite a young man like her papa. And on the following morning, when the two girls woke up and were shouting out with joy at their presents, who should come in but papa and mamma, and Mary said at once, as she clasped her arms around his neck and nestled her head against his bosom, "I dreamt of Santa Claus last night, papa, and I thought he looked just like you."

Temperance Department.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

BY MARY DWINELL CHELLIS.

"Happy New Year! Happy New Year!" The joyous shout rang through the house from basement to attic. Bridget in the kitchen and Patrick in the stable, were thus saluted. Father and mother responded to the glad greetings of four children, while the children themselves echoed and re-echoed the words so expressive of their happiness.

Christmas had been a gala day, with a grand family party of brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, and cousins. Festivities were prolonged until late in the evening, and, but for one occurrence, there would have been nothing to mar the general pleasure. The host quaffed deeply of sparkling wine, until wit degenerated to folly, and merriment to maudlin laughter. His children wondered, but the remark of a cousin, not intended for their ears, revealed to them the cause of his strange conduct.

"Uncle Walter is more than half drunk. Mother says he grows worse all the time and if he don't stop drinking wine he will be a poor man in five years. He neglects his business now. I should like to know if he is ever cross."

The children could have enlightened them upon this point. They could have told of many evenings when their father would not permit them to speak to him, and when their mother "looked as though she was just ready to cry." Now they know the cause of all this, they proposed to "do something about it, right off quick."

"What to do?" and "How to do?" were the questions which puzzled them, and it seemed providential that an answer came whence it was least expected.

A pledge was circulated in the Sabbath-school of which they were members. Family pledges, too, were offered for sale by the superintendent, and the wish expressed that one of these pledges might be introduced into every family connected with the school. Susie Belknap was first to pay the price of a family pledge, and also first, after reaching home, to affix her name to this pledge. Her brothers gladly followed her example. Even the baby sister was made to sign by having a pen placed in her chubby hands, while Susie directed its movements. It was then decided that the right time to present the pledge to papa and mamma would be directly after breakfast New Year's morning, when they would all be so happy.

"What in the world do you mean?" exclaimed Mr. Belknap, when the handsome sheet had been placed before him, and a single glance had revealed its purpose.

"Why, papa, what do you think we mean? Our superintendent said last Sunday we couldn't any of us give our parents a better present than a total abstinence pledge signed by all their children; and we thought we'd give you the best present first. He said if any of our fathers drank wine or brandy, or anything that makes folks drunk, they'd be almost sure to sign with us. Then he talked about how bad it is to drink even wine, and told us that a man who used to be worth a million of dollars is in the poor-house now, because he loved wine better than everything else. You don't love it so, do you, papa?" And Susie, who was chosen to plead the common cause, wound her arms around her father's neck and pressed a kiss upon his lips.

"I know my papa loves my mamma and us children better than he loves wine," now said one of the boys, clasping his father's hand.

"I know so, too," chimed in another voice, while the other hand was imprisoned; and even the baby, who had been admitted to the breakfast-room because it was New Year's day, claimed her share of attention.

"Well, wife, what do you say?" asked Mr. Belknap, simply because he knew not what to say himself.

"Your name upon that pledge would be a richer gift to me than the crown jewels of an empire," she replied.

He took the pen and wrote his name in bold characters, speaking not a word.

"Now, mamma," said Susie, and mamma wrote her name with a trembling hand, while her heart sang low the sweet refrain: "Happy New Year."—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

ENFORCING SUNDAY-CLOSING WITH AN UMBRELLA.

A reporter of the New York *Herald* tells the story of the effective work of a Sunday-closing done on a recent Sunday at Bergen Point, N. J., by a Catholic clergyman, Father Killeran, with the aid of his umbrella. In his account of an interview the reporter represents Father Killeran as saying of the saloon which he found open in violation of the law, and in which he spilled all the beer and whiskey on the premises:

"I won't have any Sunday skulking and getting drunk. They'd better make up their minds to that at once. I heard a lot of them in Pat Dillon's place last Sunday, and I went in. They didn't expect me and were having what they considered a fine time. I had a better one, though. You should have seen their coat-tails trying to sweep the flies off the ceiling the minute they clapped eyes on me. I only had an umbrella. I have a blackthorn at home—a beauty! It'll make four lumps on a head for every one that is on the stick. I never thought much of that umbrella before last Sunday, but I wouldn't part with it now for a horse. It served me valiantly. Well, when we got through we were thoroughly satisfied with each other—the umbrella and myself—and we went home to dinner. I made a complaint next morning and I had Pat Dillon fined. I'll serve the others the same way. I won't make fish of one and flesh of another. They'll have to stop this business, every one of them. In the future I am going the rounds regularly, like a policeman, and the fellows I catch had better look out for themselves. Most of these lazy loafers would rather sit down and sell whiskey than do an honest day's work. I'll try to keep them in mind of whose day the Sabbath is."

TEMPERANCE EDUCATION.

The subject of temperance education is, we rejoice, engaging public attention both in England and the United States. At a recent meeting in London of the executive of the National Union of Elementary Teachers, it was moved: "That it is desirable that the executive devote attention to the question of temperance teaching in elementary schools, and take the initiative in bringing the subject before conference."

Although no definite action was taken, the motion being defeated by a casting vote, and much difference of opinion was elicited, the discussion itself is a significant token of the vast change in public opinion which has taken place. The Board of Education of the city of New York has adopted as a text-book the well known Temperance Lesson Book by Dr. Richardson, the same work which the English teachers propose to use.

Dr. Holland, in an able discussion on the subject, asserts that the matter is one of vital importance, and that parents and teachers who fail to instruct their children in regard to the real nature, uses and dangers of alcoholic stimulants are guilty of culpable negligence and cruelty.

It is a cruel thing, he says, to send a boy out into the world untaught that alcohol in any form is fire and will certainly burn him if he puts it into his stomach. It is a cruel thing to educate a boy in such a way that he has no adequate idea of the dangers that beset his path. It is a mean thing to send a boy out to take his place in society, without understanding the relations of temperance to his own safety and prosperity, and to the safety and prosperity of society.—*Chris. at Work.*

CHRISTIAN HEROISM.

It is nearly two generations since a boat's crew left their ship to reach the Hervey Islands. One of the passengers upon that boat desired to land, but the boat's crew feared to do so, as the cannibals were gathered together on the shore; but holding up the Bible in his hand, he said, "Live or die, put me ashore." They would not go near the land; he plunged into the surf and held high the book. He reached the land. The cannibals did not kill him, but he won their favor and lived among them, and for aught I know he died among them. Thirty years afterward another ship reached the Hervey Islands, bringing literally a cargo of Bibles. They were all wanted and were taken with the greatest eagerness and paid for by these people. This was the result of the labors of that heroic young man who said, "Live or die, put me ashore." I was preaching to my people some time ago on behalf of the Bible Society. I mentioned this circumstance in illustration of the fact that it is not so long, after all, between the sowing and the reaping. When I came down from the pulpit and was standing in the middle aisle, there came up to me a tall, manly-looking gentleman, a man that looked as if he might be a descendant of one of the old Vikings, and said, "You will excuse me for coming up to speak to you and introducing myself. I am Captain" so-and-so—I need not give you his name—"I am in command of her Majesty's frigate" so-and-so, "and I take the liberty of coming to speak to you in reference to what you said about these islands. I was there with my ship; I saw these people and I saw the circulation of the Bible among them, and I never saw such Christianity in all my life as among the people of those islands." Said he, "They remind me of those people of whom you read in the Acts of the Apostles."—*John Hall.*

HIS FIRST AND LAST.

The following is a sad example of disobedience to the warning, "Go not in the way of evil men." A letter from Indiana to the Illinois *Signal* says:

The entire neighborhood about Kewaunee was thrown into an intense fever of excitement one Sabbath morning recently at the finding of the body of a boy named Gilbert dead in bed. He had heretofore borne the name of a nice, sober young man, but on the evening before went home from Rochester with a crowd of drunken rowdies, and by their inducement is said to have drunk over a quart of whiskey, from the effects of which it is supposed he died. His mother and eight sisters relied on him largely for support, though he was only seventeen.

His destroyers might (if not too hardened) call to mind their own threatened judgment, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink—(thou) that puttest thy bottle to him and makest him drunken."

SOCIAL GRADE OF SMOKING CARS.

If any man is still in doubt as to the associations of tobacco-using, let him look into the smoking car on any railway line and note its appearance and its occupants in contrast with the other cars on the same train. A few days ago as a passenger train was about starting on one of the lines out of Philadelphia, a plainly dressed colored man came along to get aboard. The conductor pointing him to the forward car said, "You had better get in there." Glancing into it, the colored man said, "No sir! That's the smoking car. I don't get in there;" and in proud reliance on the "fifteenth amendment" he went on to a "first-class" car. Both the conductor and the colored passenger seemed to have the same idea of the social grade of a smoking car.—*S. S. Times.*

THE MODERATE DRINKER.—The *Morning* tells this instructive story of a moderate drinker: A so-called moderate drinker was once very angry with a friend who claimed that safety is alone in totally abstaining from the use of ardent-spirits, and who allowed his fanatical notions to insinuate that the moderate drinker himself might then be beyond control. "To make plain the question who is wrong," said the temperance man, "will you just quit one month—not to touch a drop during this time?" Said the other, "To satisfy your mind, sir I will, with pleasure; though I know myself, I will do as you ask, to cure overwrought ideas." He kept the promise, but at the end of the month he came to his friend with tears in his eyes and thanked him for saving him from a drunkard's grave. Said he, "I never knew before that I was, in any sense, a slave to drink, but the last month has been the fiercest battle of my life. I see now I was almost beyond hope, and had the test come many months later, it would have been too late for me. But I have kept the pledge, and by God's help I will kept it for life."

THE HOUSEHOLD.

SCRAP-BOOKS.

A pretty scrap album for a drawing-room table may be made in this way, and in making will afford a pleasant occupation for a winter evening:

Select a book with colored pages. Keep two scrap boxes, one for poems, the other for all sorts of little pictures and ornaments, monograms, little gilt devices cut from envelope bands, flowers—anything at all that is pretty. And collect diligently, for you will want a great many. Then get some sheets of colored paper at a stationer's—deep red blue, black, and some plain gilt—and begin. Suppose the page to be gray. Take several short poems of the same general idea, or one long one, and cut out a stanza, carefully following the shape of the lines. Then lay this, right side down, on the wrong side of a sheet of red paper, for example, or of any color that will look well in contrast with the page, and draw the outline of the verse with a sharp lead-pencil. Cut the red paper out a little larger—say the width of the print larger—than the outline. Have ready some boiled starch. Moisten the wrong side of the verse, and paste it on the red paper, leaving an even red line all around. This must be done very neatly, no more starch put on than is absolutely necessary, or the red paper will be spoiled. Cut out and paste each stanza of your poem in the same way, but be careful to number them on the back as you do them, or you may get confused in putting them in your book. These are now ready to be pasted on the gray page. Now find a picture which suits the idea of the poem. If you have none in your box perhaps you might find a small photograph which would do by soaking it off the card-board in warm water. Then paste the picture in the centre of the page; next paste the heading of the poem, cut out and bordered like the verses, at the top of the page, then the verses to suit your fancy, by twos of threes, straight or slanting, only taking care that they follow clearly in order. After this, stick on all sorts of little ornaments, always suiting, if you can, the sentiment of the poem. This will call for great ingenuity and taste, and is by no means so easy to do as it seems. If you are interested in your work, you will find each page a study. Never cover but one side of a page. If you can draw, you may add much to the beauty of the volume by tracing delicate borders, and, indeed, this can be done without much skill. A simple and pretty border in one of my own books was made in this way; a line was ruled lightly around, an inch from the edge of a white page; a penny was placed at the four corners, and circles were drawn by it in each corner. All this was afterward lined over with violet ink, and a little vine thrown in. A photograph in the centre had violet lines drawn around it, and the whole made a pleasing variety in the book with very little labor. Very tiny bright leaves make a pretty border for a page or for a picture, but they are easily broken, and need frequent replacing.

For a plain scrap-book, to read and make a friend of, an old account-book, such as a day-book or ledger, is as good or better than a regular made book, for the size is more convenient to hold while reading, and the paper is generally thicker. The outside can be covered over with bright paper and pictures, to take off the business-like look. The art of pasting smoothly is in doing only one page at a time, and that in a certain way. Cut out two stiff pieces of pasteboard the exact size of the page. Fit your scraps on one of these pieces before beginning. This will make it sure that the page will come out right; and, besides, you can conveniently take the scraps off as you want them. Place the other piece of pasteboard under the page of the book, and wet the whole page at once with warm starch, or, better still corn starch; paste on the scraps, taking them off the other pasteboard in order. Wipe off any superfluous starch with a piece of old soft linen. Leave the pasteboard under the page, put the other piece on top, and press the book under a weight until dry. With a little practice the pages will come out fair and smooth; and both sides of the page may be used, only the first must be thoroughly dry before beginning the second, or it will certainly be uneven. Some, who cannot take time to be so careful, fasten the scraps at the edge with mucilage or white wafers; but while this will save and arrange the scraps, it will never make a nice-looking book.

A combination of a scrap-book and journal is approved by a few. The journal is written on the pages and the scraps pasted as they come, with little regard to order; or else the writing is only on one side of the page, and the pasting on the other. In the latter case the pasting must be done first, for the ink, of course, would run if the page were wet afterward.

The pleasure of collecting for a children's book is great, because almost everything comes of use. Any little picture in an advertisement will do to fill a corner; and if you engage your friends to save for you any thing that they may see, the scrap-book will soon fill up with pretty things. A good way to make the book, if it is for very little children, is to cut out the leaves of linen any size you fancy. Bind these by first basting them down the back with stout thread and then covering the bastings with a scarlet braid or ribbon stitched neatly. Then paste on the scraps; and the greater variety you have, the better.—*Harper's Bazar.*

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.

The sooner children begin, after they are eight or ten years old, to make bread and biscuit, to wash dishes, to iron plain pieces, to sweep and dust, to do plain sewing, to set tables and clear them away, the easier will all these things seem to them when they are grown, and the more naturally will they "take to" housework. This programme implies a great deal. It presupposes that much of the work done will be imperfectly done and need supplementary touches, that much crockery will be smashed, and good material will be wasted, that there will be a mighty exercise of patience and forbearance on the part of mothers, of patience and perseverance on the part of little girls, that sometimes everything will go wrong, the fire won't burn, the bread will, or be sour, or heavy, the needle will creak, creak on its way through unwilling folds, and the wheels of routine run through deep sands as well as along smooth, hard roads. But it is a great deal easier in the end for all parties, for the girls certainly, and for their mothers as certainly, since they can transfer from their own to younger shoulders, properly prepared to receive them, some of the daily burden and care that make middle and advancing years so toilsome. It doesn't hurt girls to be made to take a measure of responsibility concerning household tasks; far otherwise, it does them immense good. Let them in succession have, a week at a time, charge of the chamber work, the mending, the cooking, the buying even, for the family, all of course under proper supervision, and their faculties of reason, perception, judgment, discrimination, and continuity will be more developed in one month of such training than in six of common schooling. We all know, who know anything at all of such matters, that often it is a great deal easier for mothers to do the work themselves than to teach young girls how to do it, but when will they learn if they are not taught; and if their own mothers haven't patience to teach them, who can be expected to? It is cruelty to children to permit them to grow up in ignorance of that which it most concerns them to know. Allusion has been made to training girls in buying for the family. It is a pity that girls and boys are not taught more than they are about the prices, values, and qualities of articles, both of diet and dress, in ordinary family use. With a little attention on the part of parents they might learn how judiciously to select their own clothing, and to be able to tell what price they should pay, what qualities recommend one fabric above another, and of what materials the various fabrics are made, and very much concerning their mode of manufacture. They can easily learn how to discern the difference between good meat and bad, sugar of first and of inferior grades, flour that will make bread of prime quality, and flour that cannot be trusted, good coal and poor, and so of all other articles of common use, with their prices. Knowledge of this sort imparted as occasion serves, here a little and there a little, in familiar conversations, and illustrated by reference to the objects under discussion, will prove of immense value to young people when they, self-impelled or by outward necessity, launch out for themselves on the sea of life. Many parents think they cannot afford the expense of mistakes their children would make if permitted to do their own buying, but let such remember how much both in money and convenience is saved that young person who has learned by experience, including many mistakes, what he or she should want, and what it should cost. The particular practical knowledge which has been referred to, our young folks are not likely to learn at school. Home is the place where all such branches are best taught, and no teacher should be so good in this department of instruction as the parent.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

CONCERNING WOMEN'S ACCOUNTS.

Why do not women keep accounts? Or, rather, why do not American women, as their sisters in other countries? Because it is usually a matter of pennies instead of pounds; because the sum total may be a ridiculously small one, is no reason. It is not a question simply of knowing where the money goes to, or what things have cost for future reference. It trains the memory and attention, induces care and thought in purchasing, and is a check on heedless shopping. It takes a little time, certainly, but not much, if one's book and pencil are handy and the habit formed of jotting down date and purchase at once.

How many women have any real idea of what they spend on dress? They are apt to think themselves economical and their neighbors extravagant; but a little figuring would sometimes correct this idea. For usually the first result of account-keeping is the revelation of the amount of money that may be put into little things. It is not the staple articles of her wardrobe that surprises her. Of this cost she has some definite idea. But these neck-ties, and ribbons, and gloves, and needles, and pins, and thread, and shoestrings: these are the trifles whose sum total of cost at the end of a year surpasses her wildest imagination. It is not a bad plan to keep items of this description in a separate column. Once persuaded by the sight of her own figures that it is really "by the pennies that the pounds waste," the mistress of the house will be more careful. It is the same in her housekeeping. Not the daily bread, but the sugar on it raises the sum total of each week's expenses. "I have cares enough now," the tired housekeeper says. "Why should I take any burden of figures on me?" But after a little it will not be a burden and the saving will repay the labor. Some women do not want to know how much they cost, conscious, perhaps, that they are not worth it to those who pay the bills.

But, especially, why are not girls trained to do it? Never mind if the daughter has not "a regular allowance," but has her things bought for her on the system of credit, which gives one such a delightful sense of affording all one wants. She can keep account all the same, and when the sum total comes up at New Year's to frighten every one, know just how much of it has come to her. Even the most affectionate of sisters sometimes come to words over the supposed partiality of mamma to one or the other in matters of dress. Account-keeping would straighten that by revealing the truth to all parties. The popular fallacy on the matter is that accounts and allowances go together; and as it is not convenient for the head of the house to furnish the one, he does not think of demanding the other.

Some one complains that money-saving is getting to be one of the lost arts with Americans; that every one, nowadays, lives up to his income, and trusts to luck for the future. His thrifty grandfather lived on two-thirds of his and put the rest by, and these savings were the foundation of wealth in his descendants. These, however, were in the happy days when all investments did not have so largely the character of this transitory life. But accounts might help this disease a little, and it is to the women that their keeping must be entrusted. They will most feel their helplessness should the bread-winner be taken away with no provision for the future. For that possibility every woman must be prepared, and a part of this preparation is to have definite ideas of values. It is the woman who is most often found helpless in the day of disaster, counting on her weary fingers her three resources of teaching, sewing and keeping boarders. Let her learn, at least before that dark day comes, to wisely spend and wisely account for her spendings.—*Ex.*

HOW TO AVOID WRINKLES.

The other day I was expressing my delight in the clear, ringing, sunny voice of a friend of mine, and her smooth, unwrinkled face, though she has had her full share of care and toil. "Is it an accident," said I, "or a gift of nature, or are you accountable for these things?" "Well," she hesitated, "all three, I suppose. Tones are to me as full of meaning as expressions of the face or attitudes of the body. Harsh, rough, querulous, scolding, fault-finding tones always were utterly repulsive to me, and early in life I began resolutely to avoid such tones, and to accustom myself to speak uniformly in cheerful, pleasant accents. Then, as to wrinkles, they were as disagreeable to me as unpleasant tones, and I wouldn't allow myself to indulge in them, to knit my brows or let the wrinkles come in my forehead. I am training my children to use only pleasant tones, and avoid ugly, wrinkly expressions of the face, and I find if I can keep their voices sweet and their faces sunny, their amiability takes care of itself. Tones are far more infectious than words, and mean vastly more.—*Ehrich's Fashion Quarterly.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

To keep Cranberries all Winter and even until May.—Put them in a cool room, where there is no danger of freezing, and either spread out on a cloth or so as to give each berry light and air; or, which is a sure way, put them in a barrel under water.

A Cheap and Fine Shoe Polish.—Take a quarter of a pound of ivory-black and half an ounce of oil of vitriol, a table-spoonful of sweet-oil, half a pint of liquid honey or molasses, and half a gallon of vinegar. Apply like any other blacking.

Baked Vermicelli Pudding.—Simmer four ounces of vermicelli in a pint of milk for ten minutes, then put in a gill of cream, a pinch of powdered cinnamon, four ounces warm butter, the same of sugar, and the yolks of four eggs, well beaten. Bake in a dish without a lining.

Baked Tomatoes.—Take large tomatoes, cut the tops off and remove the seeds (taking as little off the tomatoes as possible), fill the cavities with bread crumbs, pepper and salt, put in a baking dish, then strew the top with a little pure beef dripping or butter.

Oatcake.—Mix a handful of fresh, coarse oatmeal with a little water and a pinch of salt, rub in a little butter; make it all of a proper consistency to roll out with a rolling-pin. Roll out a round cake about the thickness of a shilling, and put it on the griddle on a clear fire. When slightly browned on the under side take it off the griddle and toast the other before the fire. The materials for each cake must be mixed up separately.

A Good Way to Mend Glass.—Pound flint-glass as fine as it can possibly be made on a painter's stone, and mix it with the unbeaten white of an egg. Rub the mixture on the clean edges of the broken glass, place them carefully together, and, where it can be done, bind together with a string. Set aside for some days or weeks, and one can scarcely discern that there was ever a crack in your bowl or dish.

For Removing Ink Spots.—Give the garment a good washing. Then soap and boil. Take out and wring, to carry without dripping. Lay it out on the snow where the sun will shine. Let it remain two or three days, and then repeat the boiling, and put out again. After doing this for a few times you will find the ink gone. I had a white dress spoiled with a bottle of ink bursting, and I completely restored it by this method.

Cranberry Sauce.—Put them into a kettle, with just water enough to prevent burning, and stew until the whole becomes a homogeneous mass, with no semblance of whole berries, stirring all the time. Then add a clarified syrup, previously prepared, in the proportion of one pound of sugar to one of fruit. If haste is required, however, it will do very well to stir in the sugar dry after the fruit has been on the fire for a while, and is boiling.

Cranberry Dumpling.—One quart of flour, one teaspoonful of soda and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar sifted together. With sweet milk mix into a soft dough, using a spoon for the purpose. Roll the dough out very thin in oblong shapes, and spread over it one quart of cranberries, picked, and washed clean. Add half a pound of sugar, sprinkle over evenly. Fold over and over; then tie in a pudding cloth and put into a steamer, where let it cook over a steady fire for one hour, never looking into the pot. Serve with sweet sauce, or sugar and cream.

BERTRAND THE VRAIC-GATHERER.

CHAPTER I.—FERME-DU-ROI.

Bertrand! Bertrand! where are you, my boy? called out Farmer Hibert one sunny afternoon at the begining of August.

Farmer Hibert was a Jerseyman possessing a small granite-built farmhouse, at the back of which were a few acres of ground, where chiefly potatoes and cabbages were grown. The farmer's grave face displayed more intelligence than is often seen in the faces of his class in Jersey. He and his wife and family lived at the Ferme-du-Roi, as their house was called, in the little fishing-village of La Rocque.

Bertrand was a tall, good-looking boy, whose eyes were blue as the August skies, and whose fair hair was blanched by the rays of the sun, to which he was constantly exposed. Jeanne, his elder sister, was a thorough farm-girl, and little more. The little Marie, with her gray eyes, resembled her brother.

The farm-door was open, and in the parlor sat Mrs Hibert teaching Marie to knit, whilst Jeanne was busy settling everything into perfect order. The next day being Sunday, she liked to have everything arranged on Saturday. She was a quiet girl, who knew her duties, and did them faithfully, and in the daily round, and common task, she certainly found means to deny herself. For Jeanne, with her parents and brother and sister, was truly trying to live for God. That was the bond of a common faith which linked the family together, and in which was the secret of their being so happy and united.

As Farmer Hibert stood at the door calling his son, Bertrand came running in from the fields at the back of the house.

"Bertrand, look here, my boy, said the farmer; 'help me take the things out of the cart, will you?"

"Yes, father,' said he. Was it very hot coming in from town?'

"Hot? indeed it was! The sun was just baking!" And he and Bertrand proceeded to the cart, which was outside the gateway.

The farmer when he went in with the many parcels he had brought from market, after leaving Bertrand to put up the horse, stayed a few minutes to tell them the town news, and then went round to the stable. Bertrand was so busy rubbing down the horses that at first he did not hear his father enter.

"Well, my boy, what have you being doing all the afternoon?"

"Digging potatoes,' said Bertrand; 'and, oh, father! I do so wish we had another plot of ground."

"Why, my son?"

"Because then we could sow more potatoes, and grow more cabbages and vegetables.'

"The next ground to ours is Maitre Roisin's,' said the farmer, meditatively.

"Yes," said Bertrand, pausing in his work: 'I wish it was ours."

"That's coveting,' said the farmer, shortly

The boy's cheeks took a deep flush of red His father was not given to speaking so plainly unless he found great cause to do so Bertrand's words had in a way surprised his father, who had not before noticed that his boy had too great a love of gain. The conversation soon changed, but, strange to say, the next day at the Sunday-school the lesson happened to be one in which reference was made to the sin of loving money

BEETRAND AND HIS FATHER.

Bertrand listened rather inattentively at first, but presently some words the teacher said told home, and he felt forced to listen.

"We must all of us strive against having a *love* of money or gain,' said the teacher, speaking earnestly 'The apostle tells us that this love for money is the root of all evil, the root of a tree which will bring forth bad fruit.,

"But there's no harm in money, is there?" remarked a scholar.

"No harm in itself—certainly not. Money can buy us food and clothing and supply many of our earthly needs. With money we can help those poorer than ourselves. It is right to work hard to earn money. It is the *love* of it that is wrong. The love of it leads to sin; misers get so fond of it that they don't like to part with it. The love of money often leads us to wish for more than we really need, and in wishing for the things of others we break that commandment, "Thou shalt not covet."

Poor Bertrand thought of his words to his father yesterday, and he wondered if the latter could possibly have told the teacher what had passed. He walked a little way with Ned Lane, an English boy, a friend of his, and the latter remarked that their usual teacher was in England.

"Who is this gentleman that took the class to-day, then?' asked Bertrand.

"I don't know his name. He is staying with the Rector; that is all I know,' said Ned.

"I have never seen him before,' said Bertrand.

"No; I heard Peter say that he was quite a stranger, and had only arrived by yesterday's mail-boat."

It was a strange coincidence, that was all.

Bertrand and his friend soon parted and Bertrand walked slowly along the high road, over which the arching trees made a pleasant shade. The singing of the birds and the murmur of voices in the distant fields were the only sounds that broke the silence. As he walked, the restless mood he was in showed itself. He pulled the wild flowers that grew in the hedges, and then he would drop them as if he did not know what he was doing. He was thinking of the words he had heard that afternoon, and connecting them with a most uncomfortable incident which came back to his memory just then. Bertrand knew that coveting the things of others and love of gain were his besetting sins, and he did try to battle against them, but he was not as earnest in doing so as he had been.

Some Sundays ago his father had said to him as he was going to the Sunday-school, 'Bertrand, there is a missionary-box at school, is there not?"

"Yes, father,' Bertrand had answered; and to-day they bring it round."

"Then you may put in this shilling. I dare say you will be glad to have something to give.,

"Thank you, father,' said Bertrand.

But when school-time came Bertrand yielded to temptation, and a penny fell into the box instead of the shilling. He had forgotten to ask God to help him, and when the moment of trial came he failed.

Now the whole circumstance came back to him with fresh force, and conscience began to trouble him. If he could only have prayed, God would have helped him; it was not too late to do the right, but he hesitated, and while he hesitated the opportunity passed, and it became more difficult every day.

(To be continued.)

WILFRED'S HOLIDAY LESSON.

BY E. C. PHILLIPS.

(Author of "The Orphans," "Birdie and Her dog," etc.)

(Continued.)

What awful hours those were spent on the cliff! In his hour of danger Wilfred thought of God, knew that his life was in His hands, and that no one else could save it. And Launcelot was in God's hands too! God was there watching over them both, boy and pony alike—God had made both. It all flashed across the boy's mind then. And how had he treated one of His creatures? What could God be thinking of him now? He knew that He was loving him, as He loves every child for whom the dear Saviour has died; but was He not angry with him too?

How every unkind word that he had said to his sister, every unfilial act toward the mother who loved him so dearly, now rose up before his mind and reproached him! How the very whip he still held, mechanically, in his hand upbraided him; had he not used it even to-day to pain his good friend, for no reason but the pleasure that inflicting torture afforded?

He could have beaten himself now at the remembrance of his conduct toward Launcelot and other dumb creatures! How could he have ill-treated any animal, with such a faithful, forgiving nature? Life's aspect was so different to this wild, reckless boy now, viewed, as it were, from the very brink of the grave. How he loved his school, his playfellows, his home, the very flowers that grew in his mother's garden, the shells he had found on the beach during these last holidays—how he loved everything now when it seemed going from him, or rather he going from it! But how he loved Launcelot more than all; and there, standing on the cliff, surrounded by the water's roar, Wilfred vowed that if God would spare his life, he would never ill-use a dumb animal again!

Three weary hours passed, and hope dawned at last for Wilfred. The tide had turned; the waters were receding. Oh, joy! he soon slid from his pony's back and stood close by him, as close as he could get, with his arms flung round his neck.

"You good fellow!" he said, as he threw his whip far into the sea, "I will never use that again. Poor Launcelot! How tired and cramped you must be, but how I love you now!"

The pony put his soft head near to Wilfred's shoulder, in token that he loved him too.

"If I had only some corn for you, Launcelot," he went on, "I should be so glad, for you must be very hungry." Wilfred knew from his own hunger what his pony must be feeling. They had now been out six hours. What could his mother be thinking? He knew that he ought not to have come this long way without permission, and she would be fearfully anxious. Katie might think of Ned, and go and ask him where her brother had gone; but if they found this out, could they now do anything for him? It was the anxiety that he knew his mother would be enduring that added to Wilfred's grief, and struck most horror into his heart at this moment.

He and his pony were out of present danger. The waters were certainly going back, but they could not start yet. At last Wilfred saw that they could venture. It was with difficulty that he and Launcelot descended the steep cliff, and when they at length stood upon the beach, the pony was quite lame, and could hardly move.

All the boy's thought seemed now to be for his pony. "How tired and hungry you must be, Launcelot!" he said feelingly, as he stroked affectionately the pretty silky mane now wet and cold.

It appeared a long while before they came to the path, and even then Launcelot walked very slowly. Wilfred did not mount him again.

There was great confusion in the house when they arrived: everybody was wondering where Wilfred and Launcelot could be. Katie and her mother had gone long ago to question Ned, but he was out for the day, and had but just returned, when he hastened round to tell Mrs. Hewett what he knew.

Whilst he was speaking, the pony's steps were heard in the distance. How the fond mother kissed her son! how Katie danced for joy when Wilfred and Launcelot came home! "I thought you had both gone away," she said. "I thought I had lost both my brothers!"

Wilfred was too tired, too cold, and too much exhausted to speak. He could but ask for Launcelot to have a feed and to be made warm, in his stable, at once, and then he was led up to bed.

Wilfred was very ill after this. For days and nights he lay delirious. "We shall drown," he exclaimed; "Launcelot, I know, I am sure we shall drown! Oh that horrid whip! why did I ever use it? Why am I so cruel? Oh! won't the water ever go back?"

His mother could not understand his ravings, but she felt sure that he and the pony had passed through some great danger together. Wilfred could tell her nothing; he did not even recognize her. The only name he called, during those days of fever, was "Launcelot."

* * * * *

Wilfred was convalescent, and in his first sensible hour he told his mother all that had, that dreadful day, befallen himself and the pony.

"Did you ever know such a good fellow, mother?" asked the boy, eagerly, raising himself up in bed, after narrating their adventures.

"He is very good," said Mrs. Hewett; "but I have always told you, Wilfred, that dumb animals are most faithful friends."

"Launcelot was clever as well as good, mother, for he seemed to know everything he was doing."

"No doubt he did. Both horses and dogs have wonderful instincts."

"How unkind they must think us! Oh, mother, I never really thought before that animals had much feeling."

"They have very tender feeling, and are susceptible to all kinds of pain and pleasure. And whilst they do man faithful service, they naturally look for kindness from him in return."

"And I have so often been unkind to Launcelot, mother. Do you know I have sometimes beaten him so hard that I wonder he didn't kick me; and very often it was only to show how well I could master him?"

"You were thoughtless, my boy, and I am afraid a great many faithful animals suffer sadly through the thoughtlessness of girls and boys; but this should not be. God has a thought for dumb animals. The Bible tells us that 'He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry,' and we have no right to ill-use one of God's creatures that He has lent us for our use and comfort."

"I am so sorry, mother, that I was ever unkind to Launcelot," Wilfred repeated again; "but I will not be so any more, nor to any other animal; and I will ask Ned not to be cruel either. It never seemed so bad as it does now. Do you know, mother, if Launcelot had not saved my life I should not be here now to kiss you? Don't you love him?"

"Indeed, I do, my boy," said the affectionate mother, as she clasped her only son in her arms; "But I love still more the merciful God who permitted my child to be saved. It has been a lesson to you, Wilfred; and if your adventures, the other day, have really taught you the duty of kindness to dumb animals, I shall not be sorry for what you have suffered."

'I am sure they have taught me this, mother; but I do so long to see Launcelot again, to thank him once more for what he did, and to ask him again to forgive me."

And the lesson that Wilfred had learnt that awful day, when he stood between life and death, upon the edge of the cliff, and was only *just* out of reach of the rising waters, he never forgot. He was really manly now, much more so than before. None of his companions ever called him "coward," and he enjoyed fun and sport with the rest of them; but he never again made creatures of sense and feeling the victims of his sport. To cause pain now afforded him no pleasure, and he tried to teach Ned and his other comrades the lesson that he himself had learnt.

The holidays were prolonged in consequence of Wilfred's illness, for when he rose from his sick-bed he was very weak, and had to stay at home to be nursed.

Many were the pleasant rides he took on his faithful pony during these days of onvalescence, and Katie had not to offer bribes that Launcelot should have kindness and consideration shown to him. He was one of Wilfred's best and dearest of friends, and when the holidays came round again, these two spent all the time together that Wilfred could spare from his other pets; for he and Katie now had many pets in common, to whom they were very good and kind.

Dogs and cats no longer ran from Wilfred as from an enemy, and Launcelot seemed to miss his young master very much when the holidays were over.

Wilfred had learnt his lesson. May every other boy and every girl learn, also, that kindness to animals, who are good, kind, and dutiful to us, is a strict duty, a pleasure, an obligation—unkindness a most grievous sin in the sight of God and man.—*Children's Friend.*

NOTHING MENIAL.

The moment the true conception of work goes down in any society, the life and dignity of that society are imperilled. We draw lines now between one kind of service and another, and there used to be people who advertised that they would undertake any situation that was not—menial. What becomes of those people? History is silent about them. They never rise to anything, they never take hold of circumstance in the right place, and shape them into subservience. They are always cursed with their own stuffed respectability; they have to carry that huge stuffed sawdust god about with them, and to say, "Please make room for this, and set it down in a suitable place." How are you going to tackle life? By declining to carry parcels? I would carry fifty parcels, if I could, rather than beg. "Shall we send this for you, sir?" Certainly not; if I cannot put it in my pocket, I can carry it in my hand. The fear of the soiled fingers has fallen upon some of us,—*Dr. Joseph Parker.*

"A GOOD NAME is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold."—Proverbs xxii. 1.

"THE HAND of the diligent shall bear rule: but the slothful shall be under tribute."—Proverbs xii. 24.

The Family Circle.

NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT.

If you're told to do a thing
And mean to do it really,
Never let it be by halves;
Do it fully, freely.

Do not make a poor excuse,
Waiting, weak, unsteady;
All obedience worth the name
Must be prompt and ready.

If you're told to learn a task,
And you should begin it,
Do not tell your teacher: "Yes,
I'm coming in a minute."

Waste not moments nor your works
In telling what you could do
Some other time; the present is
For doing what you should do.

Don't do right unwillingly
And stop to plan and measure;
'Tis working with the heart and soul,
That makes our duty pleasure.

PHŒBE CARY.

TOM'S RESOLUTIONS.

A great many people at the beginning of the year make the best of resolutions. Very few, I am sorry to say, ever keep them. It was upon a certain New Year's Day that Tom Dyer enrolled himself among the many; whether he became one of the few, it is the purpose of this story to unfold. Some people would have put their resolutions down on paper, numbering them 1, 2, 3 and 4, and stuck them up in the frame of the looking-glass, as being the likeliest place to see them frequently. Tom did nothing of the sort. He rarely used a looking-glass, in the first place, and despised anything like expressing his thoughts on paper in the second. He never even wrote a letter unless he was away from home and wanted money. On this occasion he did no more than frame his resolutions in his mind, something after this fashion:

"I won't fire stones at Miss Peppercorn's cat."

"I'll read a chapter in the Bible every day—and say my prayers."

"I shan't make fun of Katie Buchanan's red hair."

Now it must not be supposed that these resolutions were the expression of any penitence on Tom's part. Not at all! It was only that good Mrs. Dyer, Tom's mother, had been laboring with the boy, and pointed out so clearly his shortcomings that to get rid of a disagreeable subject he had promised to make a new departure. He did have some notion of keeping his promise. As a rule Tom meant well. It was in the doing that he usually fell short.

Well, that New Year's morning Tom did say his prayers. They were very brief, and I am afraid he was thinking more about the coasting on Cranberry Mountain than his personal relations to the Lord. He read a chapter in the Bible, too, the 1st chapter of Matthew, and struggled painfully through its genealogies. However, he had so far kept his resolution.

The way to Cranberry Mountain led past Miss Peppercorn's house. As Tom went by dragging his long coasting sled after him, a prolonged mew attracted his attention. Looking up he saw on the ridge-pole of the house, outlined against the sky, Miss Peppercorn's large black cat, "General Butler." Tom instinctively caught up a handful of snow. The cat, apprehending the situation, hastily decamped. When Tom was ready the cat had gone. A look of disappointment crossed the boy's face. He fired the ball toward the house and broke one of the windows. Then starting on a run he did not stop until the next turn in the road had hid him from any chance of detection.

"Came mighty near breaking my resolution that time," he said, moodily.

At that very instant the cat appeared again, trotting peacefully along the other side of the fence. It was more than human nature could resist. Tom had a snow ball in his hand. He fired it across the fence but it fell just short of the mark. With a howl and a jump the animal disappeared. Tom looked around half scared.

"It didn't hit her, anyhow," he said, resentfully.

A little further on he was joined by Jim Tuckerman, a choice and congenial spirit, also with his sled, and together the two went on toward their coasting ground.

The road over Cranberry Mountain is steep and crooked. On one hand it falls off in a precipice. One-third of the way up stands the widow Buchanan's cottage. Just above this point it takes a sharp turn to the right, cutting off any view of the lower from the upper part. For ordinary travel it is hardly safe. For coasting it is positively perilous. But to the boys this feature makes it all the more eligible.

Katie Buchanan, leaning over the front gate that morning, and looking down the hill, caught sight of the boys as they came out of the wooded hollow below. Their noisy cries floated up on the still air. Even at that distance Katie could recognize the voice of Tom Dyer, and not caring to meet the ridicule which he always freely dealt out, she turned to go in the house. At that instant, though, the door opened and "Bunch" came out. "Bunch" had already seen the boys from the window and insisted upon a nearer view.

"Want to see the boys," he cried, running up to his sister. Katie took him up in her arms.

"You can see them out of the window," she said, moving toward the door. But the child was not at all satisfied.

"No, no!" he cried. "Don't want to go in! want to see the boys! want to swing on the gate!" and there is no telling where his wants would have stopped if Katie, dreading a controversy more than ridicule, had not turned round again and mounted him on the desired resting place.

It was not long before the boys neared the house. Up to this time they had not seen Katie. Now they caught sight of her as she stood, one arm around "Bunch," the other leaning over the gate, her cheeks flushed with the sharp winter air, and her hair, which was undeniably red, blown over her face by the fresh wind. It was a pretty enough picture for an artist. Unhappily, though, the boys had little artistic sense.

"Say, Dyer," whispered Jim, "here's Red-head."

Tom was reckless. His adventure with the cat and the companionship of his friend had blown away all remembrance of the resolutions. Or if there was a lingering remembrance he had got to that point where he didn't care. He grinned derisively.

"Hello, Lighthouse!" he shouted rudely; "don't need any candles where you are, do you?"

Now there was nothing bright or witty in the remark. It wasn't even sarcastic. The idea was trite and the expression stupid. But Katie, foolish little girl, thought it must be very smart, because the boys laughed. She thought, too, that the color of her hair, which was a rich dark Egyptain red—not at all a common brick-dust color—must be something very atrocious; and felt for a moment that she would like to pull it out, or dye it, or wear a wig, or in some other way disguise its real character. She could not help looking hurt, and blushed so that the contrast between her hair and face was very slight indeed. By this time her tormentors had passed the house and were disappearing around the turn.

"Good-bye, Red-head!" they shouted; and the echo caught up the words, until Katie seemed to hear a hundred voices reproaching her with her imperfection. The child burst into tears. Her life was hard enough at best, and it seemed mean and cruel to add this burden to it. She turned away with a heavy heart, and having put down little "Bunch" walked slowly up the path. The noise of the boys came down the hill, growing fainter and fainter in the distance. Katie wiped away the tears, opened the door and went in. Her sister Nellie, two years younger than herself, was standing by the window drumming absently upon the pane.

"If I'd been you," said Nellie, turning around and speaking with emphasis, "I'd have gone out in the road and pulled his hair! What a nasty boy he is!"

Katie smiled faintly. "What's the use, Nellie?" she asked. "Let's stand here and see them come down."

But Nellie flounced away.

"I'm sure I don't want to see them," she said, "I'm going to read;" and she settled herself down in the rocking chair, while Katie occupied her place by the window. The window took in the road down as far as the hollow. Katie's thoughts, though, ran the other way. It would take the boys, she concluded, a good ten minutes to get to the top of the hill; but once having reached the top they could come down all the way in a minute and a half. And there being for once nothing else to do—Mrs. Buchanan had gone to the village, and "Bunch" was happy with the dog—Katie waited for their coming with some expectancy.

The old clock in the corner had ticked out four, five, six, seven minutes. The boys must be very near the top. Four, or at the most five minutes more would bring them flying like the wind past the house. Katie pressed her face against the pain, as though it would bring them the sooner.

What is it, though, that Katie sees? Why does the child's face all at once grow white as she turns to Nellie, and grasping her with one hand points with the other down the road? Nellie, for her part, seems to see no occasion for alarm, for with a single glance she turns again to her book, saying in an indifferent way,

"It's only Mr. Beamish, hauling his wood over the mountain."

But Katie, wringing her hands, cries, "Oh, Nellie! Nellie! can't you see?"

Nellie looked again. Out of the hollow had come a team of horses. Already they were toiling up the road, dragging after them on the surface of the snow a load of timber. The horses took up a good share of the road—the timber quite filled it, and, more than that, slanted a little, so that in the rear it sometimes overhung the edge. Mr. Beamish, as it seemed, had taken the chance of not meeting anybody coming down the mountain. It was a pretty safe chance. Most people would choose the easier road around its base, even though it were three miles longer. As Nellie looked it began to dawn upon her what Katie meant.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "you mean the boys!"

Katie did not even answer. She was still gazing down the hill, with a dazed, frightened look.

"They'll meet just here," she said, half to herself; "the boys can't see around the turn and they'll have the outside of the road. The very minute they hit those logs"——

"Can't you stop them?" asked Nellie, eagerly, "or stop Mr. Beamish?"

"How can I stop them?" excitedly. "They'll be going like the wind. Ashes might do it, but it would take a cart-load. And how can Mr. Beamish get out of the way? Oh, Nellie!"—and burying her face in her apron as though to hide the picture from her mind, as she might in a few minutes from her eyes, she shook with excitement and terror.

"I don't see what you feel so bad for," said Nellie. "You can't do anything; and, besides, they were awfully rude to you. I believe it's a sort of judgment."

"Nellie Buchanan!" hotly. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

The old clock was ticking away the minutes. Only two were left. As Katie turned her glance away from the clock it fell upon the half-opened door of her mother's room. With all her anxiety and alarm she was conscious of a little unpleasant feeling of a different nature. Her mother had told her to make up the bed, and it was still unmade. But in another instant the unmade bed had given Katie an inspiration. Fairly taking Nellie by the shoulders she pushed her out of the door.

"Run," she cried; "run quick, down to Mr. Beamish and tell him to stop. You stand on the inside—behind the logs. Mind now," and she fairly stamped her little foot as Nellie flew down the path and along the slippery road.

With equal haste Katie rushed to the bed. The sheets, blankets and coverlet lay on the chair as Mrs. Buchanan had left them that morning. If ever Katie was glad of her own forgetfulness, it was now. The feather bed rose in a billowy mountain. She grasped it with both hands and tugged at its flabby undulations. As it began to move she turned round facing the door, and dragged it very slowly and laboriously after her. With some pushing and crowding she got it into the next room, then with less difficulty out of the house. Going down the path, she tumbled one part over another. Then with the strength and energy of terror she fairly dumped the mass over the fence. Far up the hill she thought she heard a cry. It only remained to spread the bed in some sort of shape across the road. While doing this a side glance down the mountain showed her that Mr. Beamish had already stopped and was vainly trying to shift his logs from the edge of the cliff. Nearer and nearer came the shouts. Katie sprang back to the gate; it was none too soon.

Around the turn like a shot came the first sled. It was Tom Dyer's. Katie's terror of the boy, the hate which sometimes she almost felt for him, had all gone. She hid her face against the gate post, and trembling like a leaf waited for it to be over.

There was a dull thud—an exclamation of disgust—a cry of fright. Instinctively the girl looked up. Close by the fence, almost immersed in feathers, was the sled. A little further on, seated on the ground, his face blanched to the whiteness of the snow, and his eyes staring down the road to where his death, but for this interruption, had awaited him, was Tom Dyer. Katie's voice broke his dream.

"Get up," she said sternly, "and come over here. Isn't the other one coming after you?"

Tom looked up mechanically and did as he was told. Side by side with Katie he leaned against the fence and waited in a scared, bewildered way for Jim's coming. A shout and a hurrah came around the turn. It was Jim Tuckerman's voice. Tom shivered and put out his hand in a helpless fashion, and felt a sense of protection and support as Katie took it in her own trembling grasp. But there was little need for apprehension. Around the bend came Jim as Tom had done before him, plunging into the bed as though he would drive it down the mountain, but finding instead that it brought him to a sudden stop—so sudden, indeed, that the sled remained where it was, while Jim, clearing the bed, landed in a heap further down the road. With Katie the reaction came at once. Only waiting to be satisfied of the boy's entire safety, she gave a little glad cry and burst into tears. Tom dropped her hand and turned round toward the house, pretending to examine it. But little "Bunch" exposed the subterfuge. Toddling out of the door, he looked from one to the other, then to Jim, who was leaning soberly upon the fence, and called out impatiently,

"What you all cwying for?"

Then he seemed to recognize Tom.

"Naughty man!" he shouted, "what you make Katie cwy for?" and having discovered as he thought the cause of their grief he proceeded to belabor Tom's legs, crying loudly himself meanwhile.

The attack was a welcome diversion and turned their tears into laughter. By this time Nellie and Mr. Beamish had come up. The latter was uncompromising and severe, as people always are who put other people's lives in danger.

"I tell you what, young men," he said emphatically, "you've had a mighty close shave. And you've nobody to thank for your lives but this girl. The idea," he added, "of anybody coasting on this road when I'm hauling my timber over!"

But the boys were in a weak and humble frame of mind, and didn't even resent this reflection upon their judgment and personal independence. They waited in silence until Mr. Beamish had gone back for his team and then turned toward the girls. Their faces were red and voices very low.

"I made a resolution this morning," stammered Tom, "but I broke it—"

"I made him," put in Jim.

"Didn't neither," said Tom. "No fellow can make me do nothin' I don't want to. I made a resolution this morning that I wouldn't say nothin' about your red hair—"

Here Jim nudged him, and he stopped, blushing furiously. In an instant, though, he went on,

"Well, it is red, anyhow," he insisted. "Only I don't mean to make fun of it. And Jim don't neither. If he does, you just let me know, and I'll punch his head. And we're awfully obliged to you. It was mighty smart in you to think of the feather bed. There ain't another thing on earth that would have stopped us. Oh, say, wouldn't you like to come up to the top, when old Beamish gets out of the way, and coast down on my sled? It'll hold two; it's a regular ripper, mine is. And Jim'll take your sister."

Katie thought she wouldn't do it for a million dollars. But she said very politely, "No I thank you, I should be afraid. And

don't you think you'd better find a safer place?"

Tom considered. "Well," he said, regretfully, "perhaps we had. Anyhow it'll take Beamish half an hour to get up to the top; and we can't hang around that long. Guess we'll go down, Jim. Good by, you two. Next time we come I'll bring you some apples."

A few steps further he stopped and looked around.

"Say?" he called out, "when the sun strikes your hair like that it's awfully pretty. Good-by."

And Katie's sweet voice with Nellie's also floated down the mountain in a soft "good-by."

It may be added as a measure of Tom's repentance and his purpose to keep his resolutions that on the way down he stopped at Miss Peppercorn's. The cat lay on the door-step. Tom did no more than cry "shoo!" of course the cat departed. When Miss Peppercorn came to the door Tom looked her bravely in the face.

"Miss Peppercorn," he said, "I broke a pane of glass in your window this morning, and I'd like to pay for it. Here's a shilling, if you please."

But to this day Miss Peppercorn can find no satisfactory explanation for so extraordinary a circumstance. She only knows that "General Butler" is no longer molested, and that Tommie Dyer and "that Buchanan girl" are on the best of terms.—*Portland Transcript.*

NAN'S CHRISTMAS.

BY MARY F. STURGIS MACFARLAND.

Nan stood on the steps of the Cathedral, irresolute. It was such a grand edifice—the most imposing in all the large mill town—with its innumerable spires and crosses, its pointed windows, and the sun shining directly upon some pictured saint in the large oriel window just over the entrance. But the rich tones of the organ decided her.

"Guess I'll go in for once," she said to herself. "If the rich folks stare, I shan't mind 'em; and the music'll be 'nough sight better than it is at the Mission Chapel. They have only common tunes there."

You see Nan was just a bit esthetic in her tastes.

So she pulled the faded shawl a little closer about her as she went in, her coarse attire making a strange contrast to the rich silks of the congregation.

The sexton scowled, but little Nan cared not for that, so long as he found her a seat. The music seemed to rest her, and she wished to herself that "it was all music and no preachin'."

Soon the reading commenced, and the rector, in well-modulated and musical tones, read the beautiful words of the twenty-fourth Psalm:

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory."

Then the rector sat down and the music began again. But somehow all its melody was gone for Nan. The words of the blessed psalm had struck a chord in her heart never before reached, and she wished the rector would tell her more of the King of glory. But the service ended without Nan's hearing any more about "the gates, and the everlasting doors, and the King of glory."

All the next day, while Nan stood at her work in the mill, the beautiful words ran in her head above the noise of the spindles, and the din of the machinery.

"I guess I'll ask the rector 'bout the gates and the Lord's coming in," soliloquized Nan on her way home at night.

It was a beautiful day in the Indian summer. The foliage was crimson and yellow and brown, with now and then a green leaf. Light, fleecy clouds, and purple tipped with crimson and gold made glorious the track of the setting sun. Nan looked at them with feelings akin to awe and reverence.

"I wonder if them clouds hain't the gates. But then what does it mean 'bout the King of glory coming in?"

Instead of going straight home, Nan walked on in an opposite direction to the rector's—a handsome brown stone front, with large pillars. She walked boldly up the steps to the front door, unmindful of the stares of the servant maid as she was delivering her errand."

"I don't think the master will see you today, he's engaged with company, but I'll see;" and leaving Nan standing outside, she went in to announce to the rector that a "person wished very much to speak with him."

Now the rector of St. Mary's was not an unkind man, or an inconsiderate one, in the general acceptation of the terms; indeed, had Nan called upon him at a more favorable opportunity, he might have fed her hungry heart; but, as it was, he was engaged in discussing the Tyndall theories with an old college class-mate. When he saw who the "person" was, who so inopportunely interrupted, he really—yes, really frowned on poor Nan, as he said in a voice from which all the music of yesterday was gone—"Well, what do you want, child? If you are hungry, go around to the basement door, and Bridget will give you something to eat." Then he shut the door, leaving Nan standing there, and went in to finish his discussion.

Nan went down the steps slowly. The sun had set, and all the brightness was gone from the sky, the glint had left the foliage of the trees.

Was she comprehending that in seeking for bread she had been offered a stone?

"I'll ask Susan McNamara to ask her priest," she thought on her way home. Susan lived in the same comfortless tenement house, on the same flight. After supper Nan went in to tell her her troubles, and to request her to ask "her priest."

"I've no doubt the good praste could tell ye iverything ye wants to know;" answered Susan, admiringly. "Sure the blessed praste knows iverything, but what 'ud the likes of him be botherin' himself with children for?" she questioned triumphantly.

And Nan began to grow discouraged, and did not seek further, but drifted on in the same channel as before she visited the church of St. Mary's—no worse—and apparently no better. Only the same restless longing was in her heart—to know more of the King of glory. Some nights she would lie awake pondering the words in her mind—her own ignorance offering no solution to her inward questionings. The days went on until Christmas came. The shop windows were gay with attractive goods, and the streets were full of bright faces, Nan had meant to do "a lot of shop gazing" herself. But poor old Susan McNamara was taken sick that day and there was no one to sit with her, or wait upon her. Nan, after a good deal of hesitation and some inward struggles to give up her anticipated pleasures—she had counted so much on this holiday—volunteered her services, which were accepted after some grumbling on the part of Susan. Before night Nan found it was no easy task, for Susan was by no means amiable in disposition, and fretted and scolded at Nan in such a way that she was almost tempted to desert. But Nan had a brave heart and persevered, and was afterward glad she did. When evening came, Susan said to her, "Sure ye are a blessed child to wait upon a cross old woman all the day. An' I shouldn't wonder if the praste would tell ye now what ye were askin' me. Anyway ye go to our church tonight an' hear the music, an' they allus trim it up fine an' handsome Christmas."

So Nan started for the "Church of the Holy Cross," but to reach it she had to pass the hitherto despised Mission Chapel. The outer door stood open, and Nan paused before it.

"It's been some time since I've been in here to the chapel; guess I'll go in, and when I get tired, I can come out and go over to Susan's church."

The chapel was already full, and seats were being carried up the aisles, and Nan found herself in one of the seats almost up to the pulpit. Just as she was taking her seat, the minister was reading these words, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates." Nan's heart gave a great bound, but as suddenly went down like a barometer.

"I 'spose he'll stop where just the other one did;" she thought, discontentedly.

And did he? you ask.

"Little children," began he, after the reading, "let me tell you more of this King of glory."

And then in simple language he told the story of that Christmas, so long, long ago, when a Christ was given to the world; of his youth, and finally the story of the cross; and he spoke of the dying thief who prayed for Christ to remember him. Then he told of the poor publican who prayed for God to be 'merciful to him a poor sinner,' and then in words which went straight to the hearts of his listeners, he told them how the Saviour died for each and every one. And if they would believe on the Christ, they might be saved—even on this Christmas.

Nan was sobbing, and praying from her penitent heart the prayer of the publican.

The minister sat down, and they burst into singing,

"I do believe, I now believe."

"Such glorious music," thought Nan; and I really believe she liked it better than she did the rich music at the church of St. Mary's.

And the gates were indeed lifted up, and the King of glory entered Nan's heart.—*Morning Star.*

LITTLE BESSIE'S REQUEST.

"To-morrow will be New Year's morning," said little Bessie Arnold, coming to her papa's side. "I wish I could have what I want."

"Perhaps you can, my dear. What is it."

"Promise me that I can have it, papa?"

"Oh, I can not do that," said papa, laughing, "It may be something entirely out of my power to give."

"No, it isn't, papa. It is something very easily done; and it would make me so happy," said the child, looking earnestly into her father's face.

"I can not promise," said her father; "That would not be right; but tell me, and I will try to do it."

"Well, then, papa, I have been reading here in my little paper how many boys and young men are led into wine-drinking by having it handed to them on New Year's morning. Please, papa, promise me that you will treat no one to wine to-morrow. It seems to me such a bad thing to do, papa."

Joseph Arnold looked at his little girl with a strange mixture of surprise and contempt. But in spite of all he could do, the truth of the child's words went home to his heart.

"And who sent you to say this to me?" he said, sternly. "Somebody must have done it."

"Nobody sent me," said Bessie, firmly.

"I told mamma what I was going to do, and she said it was very foolish; that everybody in our circle handed wine. But papa, I felt that I must ask you; and, oh! if you would only promise me."

Something in the child's face and earnest manner made Joseph Arnold weigh the subject as he had never weighed it before. He took the paper from the child's hands and read the little piece that had so awakened her conscience. He would not promise, but long after the little golden head had fallen asleep upon its pillow, he sat revolving the subject in his mind; and before he retired he had formed a resolution that no wine should be offered at his board again. So much for a child's influence.—*Selected.*

SPEAKING OR NOT SPEAKING.

BY W. I. CHASE.

"I have not seen her for some weeks," said Mrs. Simpson, hurriedly; "we're not as good friends as we used to be, Harry. In fact we had some words together not long since that estranged us. I am sorry for it. She was provoking, but I should not have answered her. If I only could hold my tongue."

"Or if, having neglected to hold your tongue, you could only speak," answered her brother.

"Why, how's that?"

"It's my theory," said the man, "that more actual trouble arises from silence than speech. Misunderstandings often arise from half-said things and sometimes from mere conjecture, where no word is spoken. In this case there were words and bitter ones, I am afraid, but it does not follow that explanation is unnecessary. Mrs. Blakeley is an old friend, whom you should be sorry to lose, and yet, rather than speak, you will let matters drift along and each strive to have unkind thoughts of the other, in order to feel justified in your own action. Perhaps you will never explain, but just tacitly make up and hold a secret grudge. Of course, it's a pity you ever quarrelled. Things can never be just the same between you—at least, they couldn't between men—but that's spilled milk. Take up the mangled matter at the best, and be friends as soon as possible."

"Yes, brother. I was only waiting till it seemed easier to speak."

"Waiting does not help the matter, if you want a full reconciliation. It may be well to wait a little while, till your anger cools, but never wait to see if you can forgive. Ask her forgiveness immediately. It prevents hard feelings. There is a good deal of worldly wisdom, as well as a divine command in the injunction, 'Agree with thine adversary quickly, while thou art in the way with him.'"—*Church and Home.*

Question Corner.—No. 1.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. What captive was appointed ruler over all that his master had?
2. Who came to prove Solomon with hard questions?
3. What gift did Solomon choose when God said, "Ask what I shall give thee"?
4. Who was the first Christian martyr?
5. For whom was his last prayer offered?
6. Whose example had he for such a prayer?
7. Who erected a pillar because he had no son to keep him in remembrance?
8. Which of the judges of Israel sacrificed his own daughter?
9. Who sang a song of lamentation over Saul and Jonathan?
10. Where do we find the last words of David?
11. There was a man who grew up in the desert until he came and preached repentance unto the people. Who was this man?
12. Who was called The Sweet Psalmist of Israel?

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

1. The name of the city in which the first Christian church was gathered in Europe.
2. The city in which the disciples were first called Christians.
3. One of the seven churches of Asia which was most severely reproved by Christ, and her threatened doom accomplished in her utter ruin.
4. A country to which the infant Jesus was taken by His parents to escape the cruel death threatened by Herod.
5. A city where the conversation of Jesus with a woman at Jacob's well convinced her of His claim to be the true Messiah, and through whose testimony many of the Samaritans believed.
6. The birthplace of the apostle Paul.
7. A country in Europe in whose capital Paul was twice imprisoned, and probably suffered martyrdom.
8. A city of Galilee where Jesus raised the dead to life.
9. A city where Paul, on account of his reproving the citizens for their superstition, was summoned before the Areopagus.

These initials form the name of a country which, on account of its sacred, scriptural associations, is called by way of eminence the Holy Land.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 22.

265. By marching around the walls and blowing trumpets, when the walls fell down, Josh. vi. 12, 20.
266. In the house of Rahab, Josh. ii. 1.
267. When the city was taken and destroyed she and all her house were saved, Josh. vi. 22, 25.
268. Before Aaron, in Kadesh, Num. xx. 1.
269. On Mount Hor, about half-way between the Dead sea and the gulf of Akabah.
270. Solomon, 1 Kings xi. 4.
271. Chemosh, 1 Kings xi. 7.
272. Milcom or Molech, 1 Kings xi. 7.
273. Dagon, 1 Sam. v. 2.
274. Dagon the god of the Philistines, 1 Sam. v. 3, 4.
275. Mesha king of Moab. 2 Kings iii. 4.
276. Mesha king of Moab, 2 Kings iii. 27.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURAL ACROSTIC.

1, Gabriel. 2, Obadiah. 3, Deborah. 4. Isaac. 5, Silas. 6, Lamb. 7, Omega. 8, Vine. 9, Eden. —*God is Love.*

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 23.—Mary E. Coates, 12 ac; Anna Syreen, 12; Arthur Hicks, 11; Cora M. McIntire, 10; W. H. Simmons, 9.

To No. 22.—Ada L. Potts, 12 ac; Helen Cranston, 12 ac; Maggie Sutherland, 12 ac; Cora M. McIntire, 12; Mary E. Coates, 11 ac; Herbert Davidson, 11; Linda Halewood, 11; William C. Wickham, 9.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1881, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday School Union.)

LESSON I.

JAN. 2.] [B. C. 5.

ZACHARIAS AND ELIZABETH.

Luke 1: 5-17.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 11-14.

5. There was in the days of Herod, the king of Judea, a certain priest named Zacharias, of the course of Abia: and his wife was of the daughters of Aaron, and her name was Elizabeth.

6. And they were both righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless.

7. And they had no child, because that Elizabeth was barren, and they both were now well stricken in years.

8. And it came to pass that while he executed the priest's office before God in the order of his course,

9. According to the custom of the priest's office, his lot was to burn incense when he went into the temple of the Lord.

10. And the whole multitude of the people were praying at the time of incense.

11. And there appeared unto him an angel of the Lord standing on the right side of the altar of incense.

12. And when Zacharias saw him, he was troubled and fear fell upon him.

13. But the angel said unto him, Fear not, Zacharias: for thy prayer is heard; and thy wife Elizabeth shall bear thee a son, and thou shalt call his name John.

14. And thou shalt have joy and gladness; and many shall rejoice at his birth.

15. For he shall be great in the sight of the Lord, and shall drink neither wine nor strong drink; and he shall be filled with the Holy Ghost, even from his mother's womb.

16. And many of the children of Israel shall he turn to the Lord their God.

17. And he shall go before him in the spirit and power of Elias, to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the disobedient to the wisdom of the just; to make ready a people prepared for the Lord.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And they were both righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless.—Luke 1: 6.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The prayer of the upright is God's delight.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—Luke's Preface, vs. 1-4.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.—What important event do you remember in the life of Abraham?—In the life of Isaac?—In the life of Jacob?—In the life of Joseph?—How was Isaac a type of Christ?—Joseph?

NOTES.—HEROD, surnamed the GREAT, son of Antipater an Idumean general, a wicked tyrannical ruler, reigned in Judea about 37 years and died B. C. 4.—JUDÆA, the southern portion of Palestine. It included one-half of the entire territory of the Holy Land.—ZACHARIAS, a priest officiating in the temple.—ABIA, the Abijah of 1 Chron. 24: 10, and a descendant of Aaron.—AARON, brother of Moses, and the first high priest.—ELIZABETH, a pious and devoted woman, mother of John the Baptist.—PRIESTS, descendants of Aaron and his sons, and set apart to minister in the temple.—ALTAR OF INCENSE, see "Daily Readings."—TEMPLE, rebuilt by Herod the Great, and occupied a portion of the Haram area, which is about 500 cubits of 16 inches, or 670 feet square.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Find out all you can about Luke, the author of this Gospel. Read about the building and dedication of the temple by Solomon, and the second temple by Zerubbabel. Study carefully and prayerfully.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) A RIGHTEOUS HOME. (II.) A SON PROMISED. (III.) HIS GREATNESS FOREFOLD.

I. A RIGHTEOUS MAN AND WIFE.—(5-10.) DAYS OF HEROD, in the closing years of his reign; KING OF JUDÆA, subject to Cæsar; PRIEST, a man set apart for service in the temple; COURSE OF ABIA, one of the twenty-four courses, into which the house of priests was divided; DAUGHTERS, descendants; WALKING, obeying; ORDINANCES, laws; WELL STRICKEN, aged; EXECUTED, performed his priestly duties; ORDER, "the priests for each day of the week were selected from the 'course' by lot."—Whedon: see 1 Chron. 24: 1-19; INCENSE, see Exod. 30: 34-38; TEMPLE, Herod's temple, see "Notes"; MULTITUDE, probably on the Sabbath when the people had assembled for worship; WITHOUT, in the court.

II. A SON PROMISED.—(11-14.) APPEARED, Zacharias saw the angel; ANGEL, Gabriel, v. 19, see also Dan. 8: 16; 9: 21; Luke 1: 26, 27; RIGHT SIDE, place of honor; troubled, filled with awe; FEAR FELL, Gideon, Jud. 6: 11-24, and Manoah, Jud. 13: 1-22, gave themselves up for dead at the appearance of angels; FEAR NOT, "blameless" men need not fear, though confronted by angels; A SON, for which Zacharias had prayed; JOHN, the Baptist; MANY SHALT REJOICE, fulfilled in ver. 58.

III. HIS GREATNESS FORETOLD.—(15-17.) GREAT, see "Daily Readings;" NEITHER, NOR, John was to be a Nazarite, see Num. 6, and compare with Rom. 12: 6; STRONG DRINK, all exhilarating drinks besides wine; even from, children may be consecrated to God before their birth, 1 Sam. 1: 11; MANY SHALL RETURN, see Matt. 3: 5, 6; GO BEFORE, see "Daily Readings;" ELIAS, Elijah the Tishbite; FATHERS, CHILDREN, "a reconciliation shall take place between the holy olden time and the present."—Whedon.

POINTS TO NOTICE.—1. Why are the blameless people honored of God? 2. How does God meet his people in the sanctuary? 3. Why is old age made happy by a life of faith? 4. Give proofs that God hears and answers prayers? 5. Give proof texts showing that angels are the friends of God's friends.

LESSON II.

JAN. 9.] [B. C. 4.

THE SONG OF MARY.

Luke 1: 46-55.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 46-55.

46. And Mary said,

47. My soul doth magnify the Lord, And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

48. For he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden: for, behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.

49. For he that is mighty hath done to me great things; and holy is his name.

50. And his mercy is on them that fear him from generation to generation.

51. He hath shewed strength with his arm; he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

52. He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree.

53. He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich he hath sent empty away.

54. He hath holpen his servant Israel, in remembrance of his mercy;

55. As he spake to our fathers, to Abraham, and to his seed for ever.

GOLDEN TEXT.

My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.—Luke 1: 46, 47.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The Lord remembers his covenant.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—Zacharias asks for a sign; is struck dumb; the annunciation to Mary; she is promised a son whose name should be Jesus; Mary's visit to Elizabeth; the benediction of Elizabeth; the song of Mary, which is the subject of our lesson.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.—When did the events of the last lesson occur?—To whom did the angel appear?—Who was his wife?—What kind of people were they?—What important personage was promised?—How was John described?

NOTES.—The song of Mary has been called the *Magnificat*, from the first word of the Latin version. "It is divisible into three parts: 1. Recognition of God's grace to her humility; 2. Recognition that God ever exalts the lowly; 3. So God shall exalt his humble Israel."—Whedon. "This most excellent hymn is dictated by a spirit ravished with the most sprightly devotion imaginable; devotion full of ardent love and thankfulness, hearty joy tempered with submissive reverence."—Dr. Barrow. MARY, exalted, the mother of Jesus and wife of Joseph. It is supposed by some that the genealogical table of Luke is the line from which Mary descended. Nothing definite is known of Mary until she is introduced to us as the Virgin of Nazareth to whom the angel Gabriel was sent, (Luke 1: 26-27); after this we see her at the house of Elizabeth: at Bethlehem; in Egypt; Jerusalem; Cana, Capernaum; at the cross; and at the gathering for prayer in Jerusalem (Acts 1: 14). The Bible nowhere exalts her as the object of worship.—ISRAEL, here means God's chosen people.—ABRAHAM, the father of the faithful, the "friend of God"; son of Terah and father of Isaac.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Read the song of Moses in Exod. 15: 1-19; and the song or prayer of Hannah in 1 Sam. 2: 1-10.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) GOD'S GOODNESS TO MARY. (II.) GOD'S MERCY TO THE LOWLY. (III.) GOD'S PROMISE TO BE FULFILLED.

I. (46-49.)—MARY SAID, see what Deborah, Jud. 5. Hannah, 2 Sam. 2: 1-10, and David, Ps. 103, said; MY SOUL, my heart, my very being; MAGNIFY, exalt, praise; MY SAVIOUR, God was her Saviour, praise for personal benefits comes first; LOW ESTATE, not humility but condition, she was a subject and not a princess in the eyes of the world, God is not a respector of persons, "he giveth grace unto the lowly"; HENCEFORTH, hereafter; ALL GENERATIONS, all ages; BLESSED, happy but not worshipped.

II.—(50-53.) HE THAT IS MIGHTY, God; HOLY IS HIS NAME, worthy of and entitled alone to all the praise; HIS MERCY, see Ps. 103: 17; SHEWED STRENGTH, in the overthrow of wrong and the triumph of the right; HATH, has, does and will; SCATTERED, the promised Jesus shall possess the whole earth; IMAGINATION, designs, plans, conspiracies; MIGHTY, literally "rulers from their thrones," a reference primarily perhaps to Herod; LOW DEGREE, the meek shall inherit the earth.

III. PROMISE FULFILLED.—(54, 55.) HOLPEN, helped; SERVANT, people; IN REMEMBRANCE, in proof of his mercy; FATHERS, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, etc.; SEED, children, descendants.

POINTS TO NOTICE.—I. What in the lesson suggests that the coming of Jesus is; 1. The exaltation of the lowly? 2. The putting down of the mighty? 3. The satisfying of the hungry? 4. The leaving empty of those who regard themselves as spiritually rich?—(Lange.) II. Where in the lessons is it shown that God is gracious, powerful, holy, merciful, just and faithful? III. What reasons have I for praising God? IV. "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me."

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1881.

A few weeks ago it appeared as if the NORTHERN MESSENGER would not enjoy the prosperity of last year—as if the present season was to be one of rest rather than progress. But the later indications are very much more encouraging. Our workers have begun work in earnest and the natural results are beginning to be seen. The subscriptions now are coming in even more rapidly than at this time last year. We sincerely hope that this great progress will not be short lived, but that it will continue until the present SIXTY thousand subscribers be increased to eighty.

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Any person sending us ONE new subscription to the WEEKLY WITNESS, at $1.10, or FIVE new subscriptions to the NORTHERN MESSENGER, at 30 cents each, will receive a LLOYD COMBINATION PEN CASE, with pen, pencil, penknife and rubber all complete.

POCKET LAMP AND MATCH CASE.

For ONE new subscription to the WEEKLY WITNESS, at $1.10, or FIVE new subscriptions to the NORTHERN MESSENGER, at 30 cents each, we will send a useful POCKET LAMP and MATCH SAFE combined. This is a handy little invention, and burns oil or fluid with a clear, steady flame, but is so small and compact and well made that it can be carried in the pocket without inconvenience and danger of leakage.

BYRN'S POCKET PHOTOSCOPE.

For ONE new subscription to the WEEKLY WITNESS, at $1.10, or FIVE new subscriptions to the NORTHERN MESSENGER, at 30 cents each, we will send A BYRN POCKET PHOTOSCOPE. It is a very useful magnifying glass for detecting shoddy in cloth, foreign substances in wounds, flaws in metals; for examining insects, flowers and plants, and for deciphering writing and examining grain, etc. It is mounted in leather.

POCKET BIBLE.

For TWO new subscriptions to the WEEKLY WITNESS, at $1.10, or TEN new subscriptions to the NORTHERN MESSENGER, at 30 cents each, we will send a handsome POCKET BIBLE with Maps and Psalms.

DRESS AND HEALTH.

To any person sending us TWO new subscriptions to the WEEKLY WITNESS, at $1.10 each, or EIGHT new subscriptions to the NORTHERN MESSENGER, at 30 cents each, will receive a copy of DRESS AND HEALTH (new and enlarged edition of 1880).

METALAPHONE.

For TWO new subscriptions to the WEEKLY WITNESS, at $1.10 each, or TEN new subscriptions to the NORTHERN MESSENGER, at 30 cents each, we will send a METALAPHONE, or "METALLIC PIANO." This is an interesting musical instrument, by which children and young people may be both interested and instructed. Those with a musical ear will have no difficulty in picking out many easy tunes from it.

A POCKET TELESCOPE.

For FOUR new subscriptions to the WEEKLY WITNESS, at $1.10 each, or SIXTEEN new subscriptions to the NORTHERN MESSENGER, at 30 cents each, we will send A POCKET TELESCOPE, a very valuable article to farmers and others. By it a farmer can lay a distant field at his feet.

THE EVER READY POCKET KNIFE.

Any person sending us FOUR new subscriptions to the WEEKLY WITNESS, at $1.10, or FIFTEEN new subscriptions to the NORTHERN MESSENGER, at 30 cents each, will receive the EVER READY POCKET KNIFE, which is a double-bladed knife, with, in addition, screw driver, a hook for cleaning out horses' hoofs or other uses, nut-cracker, punch, bodkin, gimlet and tweezers, truly, a pocket full of tools.

For Canada Only.

A SANTA CLAUS DOLL.

Any person sending us FOUR DOLLARS in new subscriptions to the WITNESS publications at full prices will receive a beautiful SANTA CLAUS DOLL with a charming face, hair and eyes, and ear-rings in her ears.

AN 1881 DOLL.

Any person who sends us THREE DOLLARS in new subscriptions to the WITNESS publications at full prices will receive an 1881 DOLL, smaller than the above, but very pretty indeed.

A HANDSOME PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM.

For FOUR DOLLARS in new subscriptions to the WITNESS publications at full prices, we will send a handsome BOOK ALBUM, containing room for 48 Photographs. These Albums are very much admired, and will make a very fine present for papa or mamma.

AN EASEL ALBUM.

For FOUR DOLLARS in new subscriptions to the WITNESS publications at full prices, we will send a LEATHER BOUND PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM in an easel. These Albums always have given satisfaction to our prize workers.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
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